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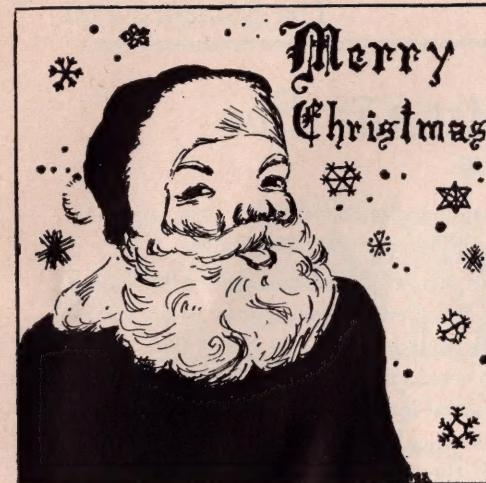
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From the

 EDITOR'S DESK

The Significance of Christmas

By Katherine Maguire, '54

THROUGHOUT Christendom has come a time of renewed rejoicing. Let us recall the age-old story of the nativity of Jesus Christ through the triumphant words of the gospel according to St. Luke: "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord . . . Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Christmas has come again with its splendor, yet simplicity. It is replete with the beloved and familiar Christmas tales of the ages, with the literature of authors of renown. It has been enriched by the lovely carols of old. It claims some of the outstanding compositions of the world's great musicians, such as Handel's *Messiah* with its famous "Hallelujah" chorus. In all, this holiday has inspired a mass of creativeness.

The numerous customs, traditions, and festivities of Christmas have been derived from ancient usage. The holly, the mistletoe, and the Yule log are reminders of pre-Christian times. The Christmas tree is of ancient

origin; likewise, the customs and legends centering around the candle to light the way of the Christ Child.

But Christmas has become both religious and secular in its celebrations, at times reverent, at others gay. Two familiar practices of our social observance of Christmas are our custom of gift giving and that of sending Christmas cards to wish our friends the season's happiness. These traditions and many, many more, consecrated by the ages, constitute the rich heritage of our country, where the customs of so many lands have met and blended into common practice.

Christmas means a pause in the strife of a world weary of war. At this time we pay our respect and homage to the Prince of Peace. It means renewed hope for the victims of inequity and oppression everywhere, for those who have the courage and faith to believe in a forthcoming age less filled with horror. Let our prayers be for them.

The editor wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the students and faculty of P. H. S.

On Another Christmas Eve

By Toni Lincks, '56



A small boy climbed up on his grandfather's knee and begged him to tell a story. The gray-haired, wrinkled old man began his tale.

"Well, Johnny, it was the night before Christmas in the year of our Lord 1776. That was the year of the big blizzard. A blinding storm was raging—a storm half way between sleet and snow. We were bitterly cold out under the trees, huddled miserably together around the small fires for warmth. That discouraged feeling, however, which had been growing in our hearts and which had caused many of our comrades to desert the little Continental Army, was slowly decreasing. It might have been because we knew that somewhere, not far away, a tall man knelt on the cold ground and lifted his heart through the shrieking ice-laden blizzard to the One Giver of Strength and Courage, begging His guidance in the grave and desperate endeavor to save the liberty of his country.

"A plan had been revolving in his mind the past few days, and it must be now or never. A wild cheer ran through our camp as we heard his news. Even the great foolishness of attempting such a stunt as crossing the treacherous Delaware at this time of year

went unquestioned, so great was our confidence and trust in our commander.

"We were to divide and cross in three brigades. But General Ewing was afraid to try, and Cadwalader tried and failed. Yet Washington would not give up. He himself led our frail boats into the whirling water. Great chunks of ice bore down upon us. The wind lashed the waves against us and almost swamped our boats. It took nine long hours to land us all safely on the eastern shore.

"Then we began the long, tedious march on to Trenton. Our clothes were ragged and stiff. Few of us had anything but makeshift shoes. Two men in our company fell behind to freeze to death and to be swallowed up quickly in the drifting snow. Our bare feet were cut by the icy crust, leaving behind a bloody trail. Just as the first gray streaks of dawn crept across the sky, Trenton came into sight. All through the night, Hessian officers and their troops (Germans hired by the Red-coats to fight) had reveled and danced and drunk in their celebration of Christmas. So unprepared were they that they barely tumbled out of bed when we were upon them. The impossible had been accomplished. The scant army of George Washington, which had been considered as good as lost, had taken the city of Trenton.

"Johnny, George Washington had given our country a great Christmas present, and even though we had to retreat and abandon our prize because of the failure of the other brigades, we knew that the Battle of Trenton would be one of the greatest events in the history of our country. For now our future generations—that's you, Johnny, and your friends—would have the incentive to stand up for and preserve the rights of liberty and democracy for which we had fought and died."

The Mistaken Art

By Sonia Kronick, '55



IN a moment of extreme weakness, I let my mother persuade me to enroll in an art course. Evidently she thought it would be an excellent opportunity for me to direct my freedom of expression into the proper channels, as I had previously done my expressing all over the bedroom wallpaper with my fingernails. This was quite trying for my mother.

After the first few lessons it was obvious that I was not only lacking the necessary talent for drawing and painting, but I also had no imagination. I did excel in one phase of the course, however. I could mix the most sickening greens, terrifying purples, and disgusting browns better than anyone else. Unfortunately, no one seemed to think that was much of an accomplishment.

Because of my limitations in originality, I did the same picture every week. It consisted of a house, trees, and a road. I would vary the scene slightly, but it always remained basically the same. Not that I wanted to do the same thing every time, you understand. I just could not think of anything else to draw. I would start out determined to make something different and would spend fifteen minutes drawing isosceles triangle on the paper, until I finally gave up the idea of variation and resorted to the same old standby.

I tried drawing people, with absolutely no success. I just couldn't draw faces. After discovering that two dots and a line would

not suffice, I was stumped. I spent ten minutes drawing the body and devoted forty-five to the face. After wearing a hole in the paper with my eraser, I gave up.

Even the instructor was becoming a bit peeved with me. All the other students were working on paintings for the exhibition; while I remained with my house, road, and trees.

"Don't you think you should try to work on a different type of art?" asked the instructor. "It will look a bit odd at the exhibit if all your works are on the same subject."

How true, how true, how sad, but how true.

After I had completed fourteen pictures of the same scene, I decided enough was enough. I had gone as far in the art world as I could.

Now how does one back out of such a thing? My instructor would be offended if I just stopped coming to class, so I devised an excuse.

"I'm sorry (hah!) I won't be able to come to art class any more, because I have to take my music lesson on Thursday," I lied.

"Oh," said my teacher, "that's too bad. We'll miss you." (I'll bet they will). "You were just beginning to show some promise. (Now, who's lying?) Are you sure you won't be able to make it?"

"Oh yes, I'm quite sure," I replied.

"Well, I hope you keep on with your drawing. You may become a landscape artist, judging by the work you've been specializing in," he observed. (That was a nice way of putting it.)

"Oh, I will," I assured him; and left, free at last.

If you are ever in need of a picture with a house, trees, and a road, feel free to call on me. I've had more experience with that type of subject than anyone else at Pittsfield High. But how often is there a need for such a scene?

Dear Santa

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

FLEECY white snowflakes drifted lazily through the cold winter air and sank noiselessly onto the hard, frozen earth. The three Dawson children, all unaware of the beauty of the out-of-doors world, were grouped around the kitchen table making every conceivable kind of noise in joyous expectation of the coming Christmas holiday, which was now but a few days distant. Though it was already two o'clock in the afternoon, young Mrs. Dawson was just finishing the noon dishes.

"You've got my book!" shrieked eight-year-old Anne suddenly. "Mother, Peter's got my book and I want it."

"This is not her book. It's mine," protested Peter, who was a year younger than his sister.

"Don't believe him. It is so my book. He's got my book!" Anne accused.

With a sigh, Mrs. Dawson turned around and faced the group. "Whose book is that on the floor?" she asked patiently.

"Anne's!" Peter replied. "I bet it's Anne's."

"No, it isn't," Anne denied.

Mrs. Dawson, thinking with despair that she could never finish the dishes, wiped the soapsuds off her hands and approached the group.

"It's your book, Anne," she stated firmly, picking it up. "Now give me those books. Why don't you stop fighting and do something nice. I'll get you some paper and you can draw or something."

She brought back three sheets of paper several minutes later and gave one to each of the children already mentioned and one to Jimmy, age six. "Now sit down and be quiet and draw something."

"I can't," Peter remarked, "I haven't no pencil." Desperately Mrs. Dawson hunted up three pencils and returned to the half-washed dishes.

"I'm gonna draw a pitchur of Daddy," Peter confided to Anne.

"Pictures are for babies," Anne replied, with a superior air. "I'm gonna—I'm gonna write something."

"What?" Peter asked contemplatively.

"A letter, I guess to—"

"To Santy Claus?" Jimmy interrupted plaintively.

"Hey, that's a good idea," Anne commented.

"But Jimmy can't write. Hey, Mom, why'd you give Jimmy paper anyhow? He can't write or draw much," Peter queried.

"He can scribble then," Mrs. Dawson replied. Silence passed for several minutes, save for the rasping scratching of pencils on paper.

"Mom," Peter asked, "how do you spell Santa?"

"That's easy," Anne observed. "Anybody can spell that."

"Okay, smarty, let's see you spell it," Peter ordered.

"S - A - N - T - A," Anne spelled from memory.

"Oh, you're just showing off," Peter retorted.

As time passed, Mrs. Dawson could see that her plan for silence had made matters no better—worse, if possible. Every other minute Anne or Peter wanted a new word spelled. Also there were repeated echoes of turmoil punctuating the constant hubbub the three of them created. Jimmy accidentally tore Anne's paper; to even the score she tore his. As Mrs. Dawson hunted for two new sheets of paper, she began to regret that she had ever suggested writing or drawing.

But all things come to an end, and Mrs. Dawson finally saw the results of her trials and tribulations. Here, thrust before her, were the fruits of her children's labor. Anne's letter contained the usual timeworn requests of

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little girls who assure Santa that they have been "a very good little girl". Jimmy's letter was illegible as he had obviously written it in some series of wiggles and scribbles which he pretended were words. But Peter's letter took her completely by surprise. She read it over.

"Dear Santa,

"Will you bring me a boat and a bicycle and a cowboy set like Roy Rogers. Please put lots of candy and nuts in my stocking. And I want a sled and a baseball and bat and a rocket car and a space suit and a space gun. Do you have all these things? Please answer. Yes—. No—. Your friend, Peter Dawson."

Tired as she was from her trying day, Mrs. Dawson could not help laughing at the incongruity of his last sentence: Please answer. Yes—. No—. She thought, "Santa has had a lot of letters written to him, but I don't think there has ever been one quite like this before."

TO BE HUNG ON THE DOOR AT CHRISTMAS

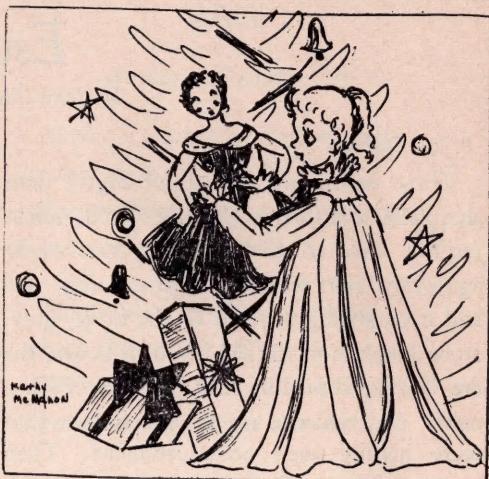
By Pat Loach, '54

Enter o'er this threshold
With gladness in your heart.
We hope that you will find within
The spirit true of Christmas time
Of everyone a part.

If in this home you find it not,
Bring it in—we welcome it.
Each happy face, each cheerful thought
Gladdens every weary heart—
Reminds us, then, to play our part

In this year's

Merry Christmas!



MY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

By Penelope Potter, '56

I came down Christmas morning
To behold a wondrous sight:
Tinsil and balls adorning
A tree with colored lights.
Around the tree were lying
Presents green, red, and white,
With ribbons and other bindings,
Which made everything extra bright.

The package I was unwrapping
Was square and very light
My heart was rapidly beating.
Could it be? It might!
The coverings were a' flying;
I thought it would take all night
When there it lay just smiling,
My doll. Oh, what a sight!
Mother and father were laughing
For now I knew they were right
When they said that Santa was gliding
Through the sky on Christmas night.



Escape

By John Shuttleworth, '54

"Sie Sterben!"

These words hit the ears of Ingrid with sharpness, and then settled like a cold, numbing fog. And to think that only two weeks ago—two short weeks ago that evening—she had been sitting in front of the large, grey, stone fireplace in the old Swedish house, the fire blazing cheerfully and crackling with a merry effervescence of the green logs that were hissing their accompaniment. Then visions of home floated through her mind. Visions of the large, white kitchen where her mother baked all sorts of delicious, tempting delicacies; the rustic living room where she would sit for hours on end during the long winter evenings, engaged in her favorite pastime—reading books written in many different languages. She recalled the trips the family often made, sailing between the lofty mysterious walls of the countless fjords along the coast, to see their Norwegian cousins. Home! Why had she left in the first place?

She had come to Germany to see an uncle almost two weeks before this. The threat of war had not seemed imminent. Arrested one evening by Nazi secret police on suspicion of espionage for the Swedish government (She—little Ingrid Lennertson—a spy? Maybe she should have been. What could she lose? One cannot die twice!) she had been taken into custody and marched through the dreaded gates into the concentration camp. It happened all so suddenly!

It was now midnight. The night was dark and cold. The barbed wire fence rose toward the winter sky like a formidable wall of thorns and lost itself in the blackness. The silence was broken only by footsteps of passing sentries. Once a shot rang out, followed by the scream of a witness sick with terror and shock. Savage hate and vengeance against the Nazis filled her soul.

She was not alone. Near by huddled a small, ragged group of prisoners. Most of them were deep in sleep; nevertheless, Ingrid could not rest. Her hands were covered with stinging blisters, her throat parched, her head throbbing and her back aching as if subjected to the blows of a sledge hammer. But her thoughts were not of herself. Her heart was torn to see her fellow beings so tortured and enslaved as if they were naught but mechanical dolls.

The night dragged slowly on. The dreaded words of the Nazi officer re-echoed through her head: "Sie Sterben!" "They Die!" Two words—yet their meaning would be realized at sunrise.

* * * *

Ingrid sat up and rubbed her eyes. She must have dozed off. It seemed much colder now, but it was still dark. She wrapped the thin blankets a little tighter.

Suddenly she sensed someone close behind her. She was sure! Her heart stopped. Expecting any second to feel the cold steel of a blade in her ribs, she turned slowly around and looked up. A Nazi sentry!

"Stay quiet!" he ordered in a low, nervous tone.

Why had he stopped here? Then she looked a little closer. It was—no, it couldn't be—but yes! it was her Uncle Franz! He knew she recognized him, but held a warning finger to his lips. Motioning her to wake the small band of captives nearby, her uncle swiftly unfolded his plan for escape. The other prisoners agreed to follow. The risk was none too great.

Hastily, but silently, the weary group made their way behind their new guide. Shortly, they arrived at the planned exit. They crouched back in the shadows while Franz marched up to the lighted gatehouse, showing his credentials through the window.

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"Ja, Herr Franz," the reply came. "You go as planned on assignment. You are alone? Well enough!"

The fugitives crept along under the steep entrance wall. A few more steps—they were out! But they could not stop now. Stumbling on into the night, they finally came to an abrupt halt before the foot of a high cliff. All had gone as planned. Suddenly, distant shouts were heard. The gleam of searchlights penetrated the foliage behind. Their flight had been discovered! Franz quickly whispered something into his niece's ear.

Of course! She recognized the territory—she had often passed through it when she had made previous visits to her uncle. Behind the bushes there was a hidden tunnel through which she had often walked. This subterranean passage would lead to a concealed spot, near which was located the house of some friends. They would surely hide her companions and secure her a safe return to her beloved Sweden! This raced through her mind. She hastily led her fellow captives through the entrance and thrust the bushes back in place, her heart pounding. What had happened to her uncle? Would he make it back safely? How she wished he could have stayed with them instead of returning to his dreaded duty. But he had insisted that it was necessary to go back in order to blot out any suspicion.

The shouts, which had grown increasingly louder, stopped completely. All was stilled with a macabre silence. With bated breath Ingrid softly parted the bushes, her face moist with perspiration, and peered out into the gloom. Two shots rang out. Franz was dead.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

By Anne Maguire, '56

Though a one floor, ranch type home
Is now the current trend,
A house should have a staircase
For children to descend
On Christmas morning.

FALL

By Regine Treutler, '54

Now it's autumn in the mountains;
Color is on all the hills,
Beauty from a hundred fountains
Into every valley spills.

All too soon it will be snowing;
Soon the beauty will be gone.
When the wintry winds are blowing,
Mem'ries only linger on.

DETENTION

By Roberta Rivers, '55

I woke up in the morning
And I looked around the room.
The sun was shining brightly,
But I had met my doom.

The clock was hanging on the wall
And seemed to say anew,
"Come on! Get up! It's eight fifteen.
I'll have a race with you."

I clambered right down from my bed,
For my bunk was on the top.
I rushed like mad to dress myself,
Trying to beat the clock.

But all my efforts were in vain
As I started off to school,
For time just seemed to spite me
As I went on with my duel.

I walked into the classroom,
But it was ten of nine.
Then I went down to the office.
Detention was the fine.

DON'T TRY TO OUTWIT SANTA

By Sandra Rabiner, '54

Comes a time in the course of this yearly event
When my money, my nerves, and my patience are spent.
I feel so ragged from top down to toes
That I wish the old man with the cherry red nose
Would come reimburse me for all of my woes.

But of course he's too busy to bother with me,
For I am a coal-catch no longer, you see.
Oh, I've wisened up in the last year or two
So in true modesty I shall pass on to you
The technique supreme for no coal in the shoe.

Get up each morning ten minutes ahead
To make sure you manage to re-wrap your bed.
Baby-sit brothers and sisters with glee,
Telling the folks they're the best company!
Do weekend cleaning with wild delight.
Be in by eleven on Saturday night.
Burn midnight oil til quite bleary-eyed;
Your parents are certain to burst out with pride!
Begin this beguine right now, at the latest!
For certain, black coals are your doom if thou waitest!

And, of course, if you follow this great recipe
You'll find that 'Ole Nick has left heaps by the tree;
That he's left some suggestions for both you and me!

"Now, now, girls and boys
What's this act I have seen?
What's behind your manoeuvres
Just what do they mean?

"Oh ho! Little tricksters I think I see now!
Christmas is here!
Ah, but don't take a bow—
So you thought for once that you'd fooled Old Saint Nick,
But this paunchy old gent is wise to your trick;
So don't go berserk in angelic disguise,
For my wool is all on my chin, not my eyes!"

THE LONELY STAR

By Glenna Menard, '56

I looked up at the sky one night and what to my surprise,
I came across a lonely star—looking very wise.

It twinkled gaily in the dark and shone so bright and clear,
I knew the star was different which had only just appeared.

But what could be so different to make me wonder so?
I knew I had to discover;
I knew I had to know.

Some say "a ball of fire" makes a star a burning mass,
But who are we to say so even in a science class?

I asked and questioned all around about the star so bright,
But no one knew the answer to the lonely light.

I guess it's just a mystery whose answer will ne'er be known,
Except by God in heaven for whom the bright light shone.

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"FAITH"

By Sandra Rabiner, '54

A yarner of the old sea
And a green one of the new
Stood side by side that blackened night
And fought to get Her through.
Nay, she wore no glory's masthead
Nor a crest upon Her bow,
But in Her hold was stored a wealth
Not chanted by Her prow.

A young man and an old one
Together from the start
Had set upon this mission trip
As one in mind and heart.
"And who shall take this chance with me?"
The gray-beard one had railed.
"Sir, I hope I'll meet as mate,"
And so the two had sailed.

Twelve light and dark Her hulk had cruised;
No trace of Nature's foes.
But seas have ways, my friend, to make
The strongest ship oppose.
The deck was swept with lashings
From the torrent's hellish brew.
Their faces wrenched in torture,
They fought to get Her through.

She thrashed in fits of terror
Against the churning wrath.
The billows raged relentlessly
And ripped her from her path.
The foaming mountains thundered,
Grinding like a giant quern
Clawing, digging through her sides
And thence from bow to stern.

The young man and the old one
Stood side by side that night,
Their livid faces gaunt with fear,
No lighthouse in their sight.
Somehow, somewhere, the old sloop
Had foundered in her course
And now was caught, a victim
Of the sea's unshackled force.

The old man was from England come,
The younger one from France.
To an isle plagued with smallpox
These two their lives had chanced.
Helpless in the raging mass
They died in black abyss.
Their cargo?—Only water;
They gave their lives for this!

In the Great Log of Eternity
These heroes' call shall read
"Their greatness struck from simple Faith
And carried through their deed."

SHADES OF SANTA CLAUS

By Joanna Camerlengo '55

It's drawing near to Christmas,
And Santa's come to town;
He stands on every single street
That you go up or down.

With pillows in his middle,
False whiskers on his face,
That he should pose as Santa Claus
Is surely a disgrace.

There are competing Santas,
One for every store:
No wonder that I don't believe
In Santa any more!

An Impression

By Marlene Burns, '55

WINTER was approaching. That cold, dismal season was once more beginning to envelop the world. The sky, once a clear, sparkling blue, was now a dull, lifeless grey mist. The shadowless trees cut sharp, jagged outlines against the bleak canvas of the sky and shivered as the shrill winter wind whistled through their scrawny branches. The air was thin and piercingly cold; it stood in layers above the earth from day to day, rousing itself only occasionally. Then it passionately stormed the earth; soon exhausted, it subsided into nothingness once more.

The people on the earth scurried back and forth, their ears and hands tinged with a red numbness brought on by the biting, dry cold.

No snow had fallen yet. It waited in the invisible clouds, gathering itself into light flocks which would soon blanket the earth and end the shadow of emptiness which always preceded its arrival.

This void was a mere shadow of existence. It was neither life nor death, although to some it was symbolic of living death. The dry earth was covered here and there with scant bunches of withered grass, but for the most part it was barren. It was worn out; it had none of the richness and fullness of the autumn soil.

The fall earth had been a floor on which had tread the brightest and gayest of Nature's creatures and creations. Her trees had then been decked out in gaudy suits of red, orange, and bronze. The sky had provided a striking background of warm blue. In the evening the world rested in peace as it watched the brilliance of the sun once more flood the sky. It gently changed from its usual gilt to a pure orange and then deepened into a glowing fireball. The heavens were flooded with warm clouds of pink, red, orange, and gold before the sun disappeared beyond the horizon for the night.

No such majesty filled the twilight now. The sun was a tiny ball which dangled in the sky. It glared mercilessly upon the earth during the day, but it did not let its warm and penetrating rays reach the earth. It merely rolled across the sky, an emphatic augury of the approaching winter.

The whole period was one of expectancy and hope. People were silently praying that the funereal atmosphere of the withering autumn would quickly vanish and be replaced by the horizon of new hope and life which arrived with the winter. They waited, living from day to day with their hope. Some were indifferent; others were blatant and conspicuous; but for the most part, the faces were filled with patient expressions of weariness which had been deeply carved by the horrors of war. The setting of autumn was a mirror, vividly reflective, the hope of mankind. The world waited for the winter, with its promise of a new birth of peace.

STORM

By Kathleen McMahon, '54

Softly, from a leaden sky
Snow falls, and whirls and eddies,
Covering the earth in thick,
White flakes. Softly it falls,
Quietly spreading its ermine
Mantle over the sleeping village.

A wind rises, and screaming,
Turns the softness into
Stinging fury. Trees arch to the
Mother earth for warmth, and the
Night is a whirling vortex of
Blinding white.

Once again it is quiet; and
The bright stars look down on
Peace. Gone are the winds;
The fury has spent itself. Stillness
Is everywhere, rolling through
The vastness of the night. The storm is gone.



ALUMNI NOTES STAFF

Editors: Corinne Camparata, Nancy McBride
Robert Dallmeyer, Paula Waxstein, Olga Aulizio, Carolyn Sammet, Peter Genovese

ATTENDING COLLEGE

The following '53 graduates are now attending college:

CLAIRE ALLESSIO, University of Massachusetts . . . DEBORAH CHAMBERLAIN, Wheaton-Nursing School . . . MARCIA FINK, University of Vermont . . . PHYLLIS JOYNER, Hartford Hospital . . . JANE WHITING, University of Colorado . . . MARTHA SHOCK, Westfield State Teachers College . . . CAROLE STUTZ, The Kings College . . . ALFRED BOURDO, United States Air Force . . . MYLES DOHERTY, University of Massachusetts . . . BERNARD DUNN, United States Marine Corps, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina . . . WILLIAM MAIN, Eastern Baptist College . . . LOUIS MARKS, Notre Dame . . . DONALD MASSERY, Boston University . . . HARVEY ROBINSON, University of Florida . . . WILLIAM BRECK, United States Marine Corps . . . CHARLES MENARD, Camp Quantico, Virginia . . . PATRICIA CALAHAN, Mercy Hospital, Springfield . . . BETTY LOU BREWER, Becker Junior College . . . ROBERT BOWLES, Drill Instructor at Parris Island, South Carolina.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ALMA and CLAIRE ROSENFIELD, honor graduates of Pittsfield High School, are now studying for their doctorates at Radcliff College. The girls have a number of outstanding

accomplishments to their credit. While at Pittsfield High, they held the positions of editor-in-chief and advertising manager of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. At Smith College they were members of the honorary society, Phi Beta Kappa. Good luck to our erudite graduates of Pittsfield High.

JOHN (WHITEY) HART, '51 a former Pittsfield High athlete, was a member of the Amherst College football team which closed the season with a 7-0-1 record.

HART, a junior, saw service on the stalwart Jeff forward wall. He started in one encounter at guard and was in action in the other contests.

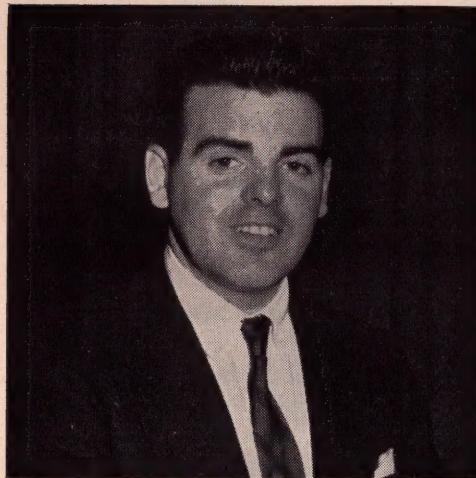
Miss Cynthia Goldman has been inducted into the Sigma Tau Upsilon sorority at Becker Junior College.

Miss Jean Marie Trudell and Miss Dolores J. Barea have been inducted to the Alpha Delta Pi sorority at the University of Vermont.

Miss Sheila McCormick has been selected to become a member of the Naiads, the women's water ballet group at the University of Massachusetts. She is also a member of the Modern Dance Club and the Newman Club.

Miss Barbara L. Wohrle and Miss Mary T. Zofrea have been named to the dean's list at Becker Junior College for the last marking period.

Career Corner



MR. WILLIAM TROY

After the General Electric House of Magic Show on November 2, 1953, the supervisor-demonstrator of the show agreed to be interviewed for *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. The supervisor told us that his name was William Troy and that he lives in Scotia, New York.

Do you remember this man? He was born in Pittsfield and graduated from P.H.S. in 1944. During his years at our school this amiable young fellow participated in many high school activities. He was president of the senior class, wrote for *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, and played on both the hockey and ski teams. He was also an instructor at one of the local playgrounds.

"What is your particular job?"

"I work for the Public Relations department of the nation-wide General Electric Company. My specific work is that of supervising public education and science demonstrations."

Mr. Troy went on to explain that, as the supervisor of science demonstrations, he operates four House of Magic Units which tour the United States. He schedules appoint-

ments for shows in colleges, schools and utility companies throughout the country. These demonstrations are held in such cities and towns as New York, Boston, Oshkosh, and Chattanooga.

"They are called magic shows, not because of any supernatural feats performed in them, but because the scientific often appears to be magical to people who do not understand it. Practically all the details in the show have scientific explanations. They are not set up to trick the people, but to show the progress that the G.E. Research Chemists are making."

"Do the House of Magic units tour any other countries besides the United States?"

"Oh, yes, they have toured most of South America. Here they were obliged to have interpreters in all the countries except Brazil. In Puerto Rico one of the units had to call on the local police to quiet the excited natives who tried to crowd into the theatre."

Mr. Troy has had some particularly interesting experiences in his work.

"Once, when I was supposed to go to a certain town, my train came to a halt at what appeared to be a hitching post. I was then conveyed in an ancient-looking taxi-cab to the best and only hotel in town. Imagine my surprise when the clerk at the desk took my name, grabbed my suitcase, and started up the stairs. Yes, the manager, bell-hop, cook, chambermaid and housekeeper were one and the same person. This was certainly a one-man hotel."

The supervisor added, however, that the people in these small towns are especially friendly and warm-hearted.

The supervisor's work consumes much of his time, but he is happy in the Public Relations field, for it deals with people—many different kinds of them. He observed, "Public relations is a growing field and an important one because it deals with public opinion." Of

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course in his work he must do a lot of traveling, which he lists as both an advantage and a disadvantage of his job.

After graduating from high school William Troy had enrolled at the University of Massachusetts, where he received a B.A. in economics. He also received an M.S. in Public Relations from Boston University. Then he was started in the Public Relations Training program, which finally led to his position.

Though modestly reluctant to give advice, Mr. Troy did state that a student should try to discover where his natural talents lie, choose his field, and work hard at his chosen vocation. "He should remember that the only way to learn is by studying."

The former Pittsfielder and his wife, the former Carmina Zofrea, who is also a P.H.S. graduate, live with their two children in Scotia, N.Y. Mr. Troy is a member of the Schenectady Chamber of Commerce. In his spare time he relaxes with a game or two of golf.

CAREER WEEK

As part of its general plan the Guidance Department held its annual Career Week November 17 through the 24th. Conferences were held on a wide range of subjects, and each student was allowed his choice of three conferences. The conferences and their speakers were as follows:

Engineering—Carl Beers, G. E.

Nursing—Marguerite Hastings, Bishop Memorial

Women in the Armed Services—Staff Sgt. Shirley Ann Mulaire, 1st. Lt. McNutt, Sgt. Joan Barnard, Chief Yeo. Gardener

Building Trades—Morris Lundberg, Commissioner of Public Works

Printing—William Dehey

Lawyer—Attorney Frank Cimini, Assistant District Attorney

Recreation—Hilda Swanson, Parks and Recreation Department

Art—Theodore Flanagan, Art Instructor, North Junior High

Photography—Sidney Kanter, Kanter's Studio

Social Worker—Ray Quinn, Pittsfield Welfare Department

Apprentice—Ernest W. Fox, G. E.

X-Ray Technician—Edmund Pooper, Jean Mahoney

Telephone Jobs—M. B. Kalloway, N. E. Tel. and Tel.

Dr. Medicine—Dr. Antonio Massimiano

Army and Reserves—Sgt. Snyder

National Guard—Capt. Renzi

Architecture—John Fisher

Musician—George Fulginiti

Radio and T. V. Repair—John Dayton

Transportation—E. M. Mills

Chemist—Fred G. Crane, Jr.

Bookkeeping-Accounting—Dr. Reuben Weisgarber, Berkshire Business College

Machinist—Roy C. Miller

Agriculture—Myles McCarry, Berkshire County Ext.

Dr. Dentistry—Dr. Ira Colby

Marines and Reserves—M/Sgt. Gilman, M/Sgt. Dawson

Physical Ed.—Edwin Grady

Home Economist—Iris Cooper

Electronics Technician—Mark Sasso

Metallurgist—Cyril Hannon

Physical Therapy—Ruth Bartlett

Secretarial Work—Nita Herbert

Policemen—Sgt. James Magner

Power Co. Jobs—Wm. Whittlesey, III

Teacher—Dr. Edward J. Russell

Navy and Reserves—Chief Reynolds, George Mattison, Y-1C

Physical Ed. Girls—Gloria West

Journalism—John Vander Voort

Advertising Specialist—Hal Brunton

Florist—Donald Leonard

Medical Technician—Honore Hederek

Store Work Girls—George Saymon

Fireman—Lt. Alexander Sturgeon

Auto Trades—Henry Simkin

Psychologist—Dr. Eugene Freel, North Adams State Teachers College

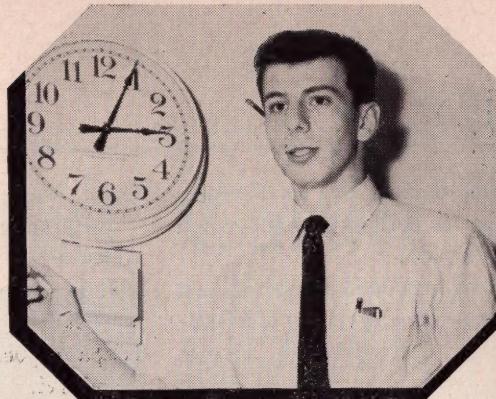
Sales Boys—John Downing

Government Jobs other than Police and Fire—Philip Ahern

Librarian—Robert Newman

DAN PETRUZELLA

Senior . . . Football player . . . Runs for the track team . . . Plays trumpet in P.H.S. band, dance band, and orchestra . . . Member of Junior Class Council . . . Elected to Student Council . . . Member of ring committee and Junior Prom decorating committee . . . Belongs to Hi-Y . . . Likes the Yankees, football, ravioli, and Stan Kenton . . . Future plan—To be a success.

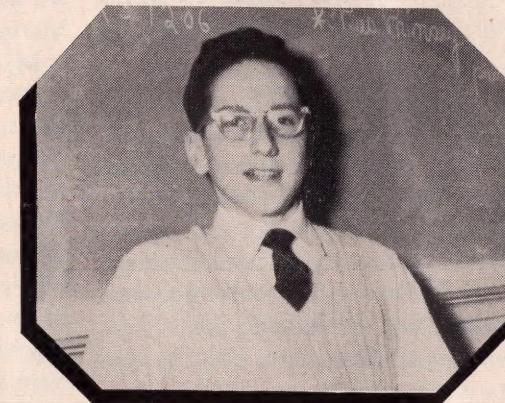


Who's Who



SONDRA SABLE

Senior . . . Cheerleader . . . Member of Delta Tri-Hi-Y . . . On the School Notes staff of THE PEN . . . Member of the Girls' and Mixed Glee Clubs . . . Decorating committee of the Junior Prom . . . Member of the Junior election committee . . . Chairman of class history for year book. Likes Stan Kenton, swimming, and pizza . . . Hates to be called Sanda.



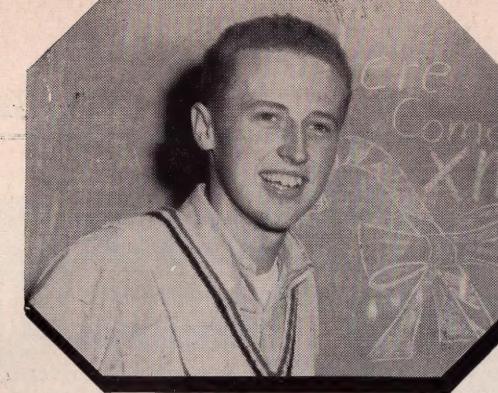
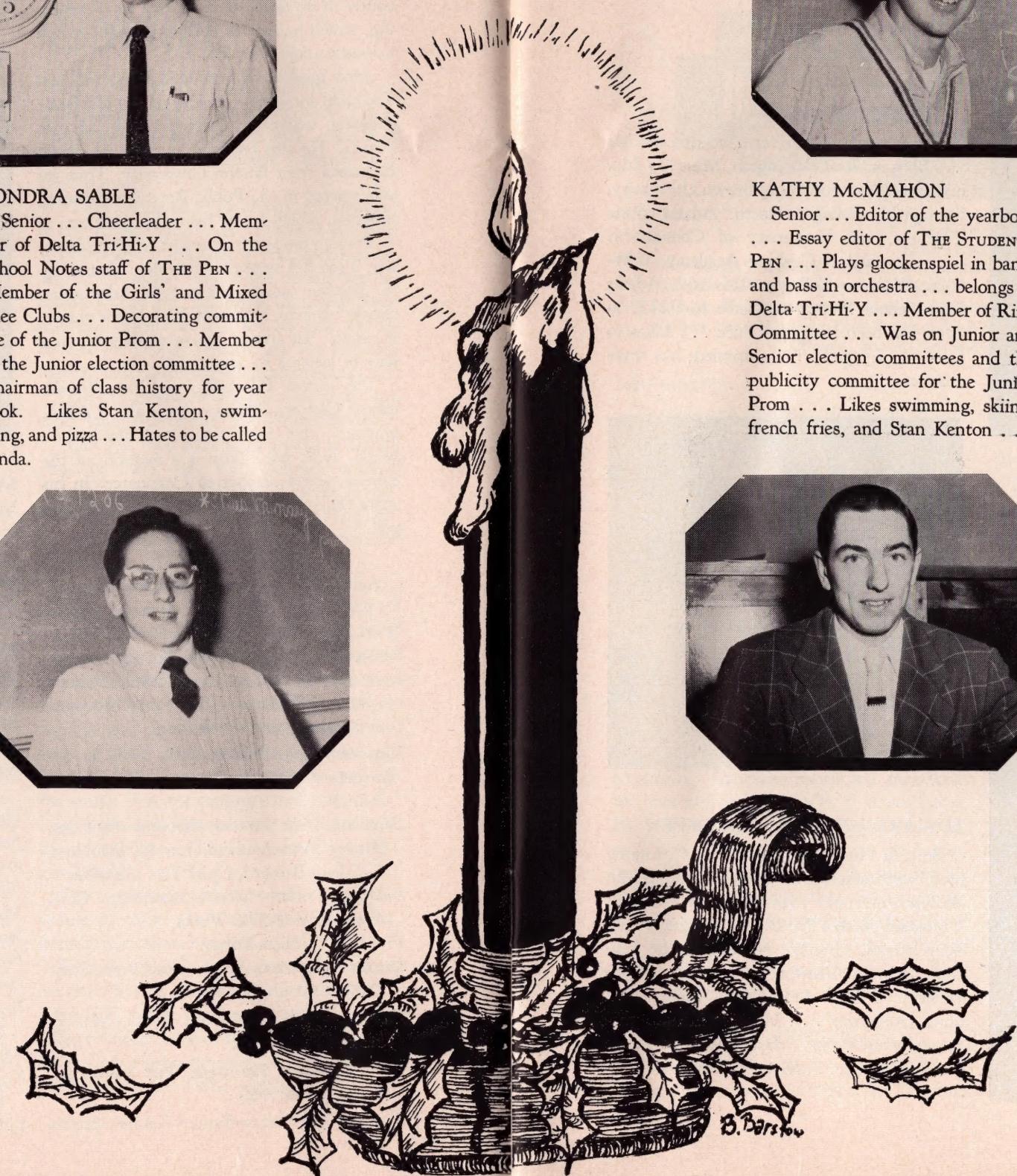
TOMMY MORRIER . . . SENIOR '54

Member of band, dance band, orchestra . . . Sports editor of STUDENT'S PEN, Co-editor of Who's Who in year book . . . Favorites—steak and french fries, playing the trombone, and the Yankees . . . Pet peeve—people who don't like Stan Kenton.



KATY McCARTHY

School Notes Editor of THE PEN . . . Who's Who Co-editor of the year book . . . Girls' vice-president of Phi-Hi-Y . . . Program chairman of the French Club . . . Favorite foods—anything edible . . . Plans college after graduation . . . Ambition is to be a writer or a psychologist.



GARY TABOR

Senior . . . Co-chairman of Christmas decorations . . . Drummer in P.H.S. band . . . President of Phi-Hi-Y . . . Member of track team . . . On Junior Prom decorating committee . . . Pet peeve—Miss Daly's homework . . . Favorites—Barbecued steak and Stan Kenton records . . . Future plans include a year at Mount Hermon and then college.



KATHY McMAHON

Senior . . . Editor of the yearbook . . . Essay editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN . . . Plays glockenspiel in band, and bass in orchestra . . . belongs to Delta Tri-Hi-Y . . . Member of Ring Committee . . . Was on Junior and Senior election committees and the publicity committee for the Junior Prom . . . Likes swimming, skiing, french fries, and Stan Kenton . . .



JOSEPH SPADAFORA

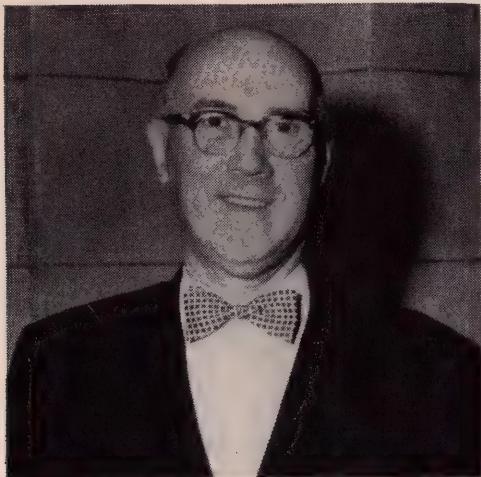
Senior . . . President of Senior Class . . . Captain of baseball team and football player . . . Member of Student Council, Student's Fund, and the band . . . Favorites—spaghetti and the dance band . . . Pet peeve—Yankee fans . . . Future plans include engineering.



LORETTA "BUNNY" WARYJASZ

Senior . . . Co-chairman of Christmas decorations . . . Vice-president of Sigma Tri-Hi-Y . . . Cheerleader . . . On decoration committee for Junior Prom . . . Member of Junior and Senior Class councils . . . Pet peeve—her last name . . . Favorites—dancing, pork chops and french fries . . . Future plans include business college.

The Faculty



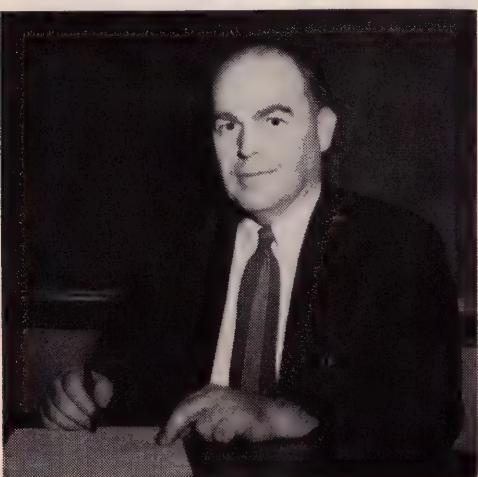
ARTHUR S. FOX

P.H.S. coach and driver education teacher . . . Born in Great Barrington, Mass . . . Education includes studying at Brown University, Springfield College, North Adams State Teachers, and University of Connecticut . . . Coached at Cushing Academy, 1924-1926; Williams College, 1926-1930; Adams High School 1930-1946; Came to P.H.S. in 1946, has been here ever since . . . Likes to fish and play golf . . . Is married; has three children.



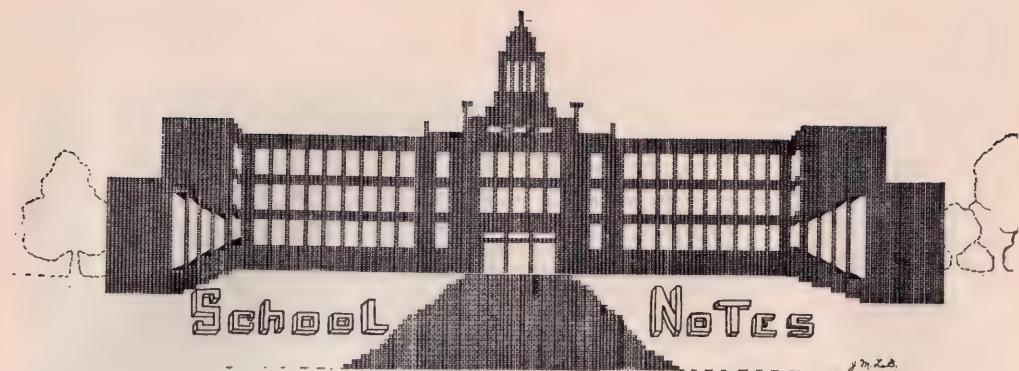
MISS MARGARET KALIHER

Teaches U.S. History . . . Born in Lenox, Mass . . . Graduated from Lenox High School; Smith College with B.A. . . . Began teaching career at P.H.S. . . . Has "T.V."ites and is trying to figure out a way to buy a new car . . . Is junior girls' counselor and senior class advisor . . . Comment: "I wish I had a million dollars, but since I don't I enjoy teaching at P.H.S.."



EDWARD BAYARD VAN DUSEN

Born in Purchase, New York . . . Graduated Northeastern University with a B.S.I.E.; Boston University with an Ed M.; Cornell University with a Ph. D. . . . Taught at Sudbury school, Quincy, Massachusetts; Lincoln Technical Institute; Northeastern University; Cornell University; New York State University . . . Hobbies include photography and radio . . . Is a commander in the Naval Reserves . . . Married, has a son.



SCHOOL NOTES STAFF

Editor—Katy MacCarthy

Mary Bolotin, Martha Weston, Corrine Comparato, Carol Prentiss, Nancy McBride, Sondra Sable, Kathleen McMahon, Carolyn Lucas, Eleanor Farrell, Sonia Kronick, Lucy Jordan, Beverly Cowell, Madeline Tini, Tina Sinopoli, Margo Gall, Dorothy Clark, Susan Connors, Marcia Lipsey, Keye Hollister, Leslie Nussbaum, Carol Rattman, Pat Whalen, Marilyn Marks, Mary Ann Carity, Marilyn Chapman, Bonnie Clark, Barbara McCarthy, Martha Cox.

ASSEMBLIES

The General Electric House of Magic, under the direction of Bill Troy, was presented to the student body on November 2. We all watched the making of a scientific strawberry soda, ducked when toast from a toaster popped into the audience, and marveled at different kinds of light which enabled us to see clearly an object spinning at a great rate of speed. Another unbelievable stunt enabled one man to shake hands with himself by use of a special screen and a certain kind of light.

These and other stunts provided an enjoyable assembly for us all.

On Monday, November 10, Donald Scott Morrison, a fine piano player and impersonator, was well received by P. H. S. audiences. His first song was Sonata in C major by Mozart, which he demonstrated on the harpsichord. We were all amazed at the speed of his costume changes which were down right before our eyes. Impersonations of Handel and Brahms, with pieces composed by each, followed. His final number, *Rhapsody in Blue*, was a fitting climax to an enjoyable program.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The second regular meeting of the Motion Picture Club was held October 2. The club

had as its guest a former member, Jean Barriere. The picture *Houdini* was discussed by William Phillips; *Roman Holiday*, by Glenna Menard.

On October 20 the club held its third regular meeting. Jack Garrity commented on *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, and Paula Waxstein began a discussion of *The Master of Ballantrae*. *A Lion is in the Streets* was voted as a club picture.

Cherolyn Bourdo was awarded two free show tickets for bringing the most new members into the club.

The club held its fourth regular meeting on November 6. The club chose *From Here to Eternity* as the best picture of the month of October and Frank Sinatra and Audrey Hepburn as the best actor and actress.

Marilyn Deignan and Ann Marie Chamberlain discussed *A Lion is in the Streets* and Judy Herberg, *Little Boy Lost*.

The club's pictures for the month are *Magambo* and *All the Brothers Were Valiant*.

P. H. S. STUDENT IN THE NEWS

Cynthia Morey, a junior at P. H. S., was featured in an article entitled "Two-Ton Pets" in the Sunday, October 18, 1953, issue of the *Boston Post Magazine*.

She earned this publicity by being about

the only girl oxen trainer in this vicinity. Two thousand dollars won in New England county fair competitions is proof enough of her ability. Included in her prizes is a ribbon awarded her by the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. for her gentle handling of her two pets, Dick and Dime.

Future plans include nursing school or veterinary college, fields in which Cynthia will excel if her accomplishments to date are the basis for judgment.

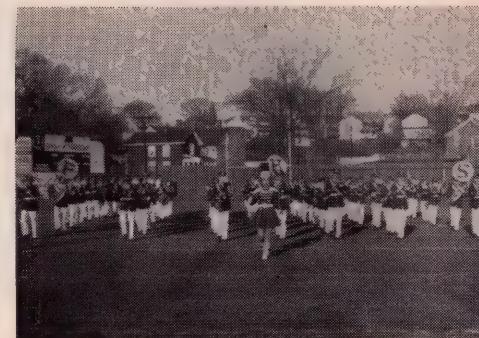
TECHNICAL NEWS

Our junior reporter, Dick Risenburg, tells us that during November Dr. Leroy Moody spoke to the Junior Technical Classes on the field of chemistry. He pointed out that the chemical industry has grown tenfold in the past eight years. Also, Mr. Samuel Sass, who is in charge of the G. E. Library, told the boys of the various ways in which the engineers utilize the library.

For the past year Dr. VanDusen has been purchasing needed motor-generator sets from Westinghouse for the Tech lab. During the summer he concluded this project, having acquired four sets at the cost of \$1500 apiece. The Electricity Lab is now equipped with almost all types of alternating current motors. This is a giant step in our educational development, and will greatly benefit the future students in the proposed course of Electronics.

This year it is planned that five of our eight motor-generator units will be put into operation by a certain method. The sophomores will cast the cement forms for the bases; the design class will plan the platforms; and the seniors will connect all the wiring. These units will be coupled to the large switch board, which will serve as the controlling element.

With the inclusion of this equipment the Technical Laboratory will be one of the finest laboratories in New England.



THE BAND

Attired in their sharp purple and white uniforms the P. H. S. crack band entertained with some fancy stepping at the football games. Preceded by the cheerleaders, they marched to a first prize in the Halloween Parade. The band members are faithfully practicing several pieces for their annual concert, to be presented in the spring. Before very long the musicians will begin practicing for the Massed Band Concert which will conclude the tremendous Western Massachusetts Music Festival May 15, 1954.

FRENCH CLUB

In October, a program on French composers gave the "Parlez-Vous'ers" a glimpse of what their neighbors across the sea have produced in the way of musicians. The music of Bizet, Debussy, Ravel, and other more modern composers was heard.

A French street scene appeared in Room 137 on visiting day this year. Imported straight from the banks of the Seine were a book stall, two sidewalk artists complete with pictures, and a Parisienne flower girl.

GLEE CLUBS

The Glee Clubs are playing an important role in the Christmas program. The four girls' clubs are practicing old carols for this program. Also a select group is preparing a special program for Rotary. Some of the clubs saw an excellent movie on Tanglewood, which stirred many to consider a career in music.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

During the first week of campaigning for the junior class elections a junior could not be mistaken for anything but a junior. Everyone had colorful streamers of tags hanging from shoulder bags, belts, and shirt buttons. Many of the campaigning tags had gum, candy, pennies, and other tempting things attached. The halls also showed signs of the elections, as the bulletin boards were literally smeared with colorful, original posters.

There were forty-five candidates for the five different offices. After a rally, on November 25, at which each candidate gave a campaign speech, the primary elections were

held. Those who survived the primaries are as follows:

President—Peter Cimini, John Navin
Girls' Vice President—Ellen O'Donnell, Stephanie Woitkowski
Boys' Vice President—Herb Evans, Jack Garrity
Secretary—Mary Frieri, Sara Milne
Treasurer—John Rocca, Carol Zajac

The elections were held on Tuesday, December 8, with the following results: John Navin, president; Stephanie Woitkowski and Herb Evans, vice presidents; Mary Frieri, secretary; and John Rocca, treasurer.



STUDENT COUNCIL

First Row: Secretary Beverly Furey, President Bill Barstow, Assistant Secretary Marilyn Chapman, Vice President Herbert Evans
Second Row: David Ditello, Betty Overbaugh, Carol Prentiss, Rita Simmons, Jean Marby, Larry Herzig, Tina Sinopoli, Sandra Zorbo, Jane Lundberg
Third Row: Daniel Petruzzella, Joseph Spadafora, John Navin, Chris Gilson, Peter Cimini, James Ditello

VOTE FOR P. H. S. NEWSPAPER

The editors of *THE PEN*, in view of the response to the recent opportunity for voting concerning the founding of a bi-weekly newspaper for Pittsfield High School, have decided to continue with the present system of publication of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. The vote, although in favor of the newspaper by a large majority, was representative of only a very small portion of the students.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

First Row: Betty Mae Taylor, Carol Prentiss, Barbara Rice
Second Row: Jo Spadafora, Bill Smith

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The Senior Class Council has been very busy electing chairmen for various school functions. They are as follows: *Senior Play* Co-Chairmen, Nancy Lizotte, Paul Prendergast; *Class Day Co-Chairmen*, Marlene Stevens, Craig Viale; *Christmas Decoration Committee Co-Chairmen*, Lorretta Waryjosz, Gary Tabor; *Good Will Committee Chairman*, Katherine Haddad.

SENIOR REPRESENTATIVE

Douglas Miller was elected by the other members of his class to represent Pittsfield High School at the annual Good Government Day to be held in Boston in March.

CHRISTMAS DECORATION COMMITTEE

Co-Chairmen, Loretta Waryjosz, Gary Tabor.

Girls

Jane Heath
Betty Overbaugh
Joan Seddon
Joan Duda
Barbara Dellert

Boys

Burton Albert
William Barstow
Tom Morrier
Donald Kessler
Daniel Petruzzella

GOOD WILL COMMITTEE

Chairman, Katherine Haddad.

Home

Room	Name
14	Richard Fresia
101	Joseph Rock
102	Allan Hoskeer
103	John Tassone
104	James Hocitor
105	Kenneth Perkins
107	Shirley Miller
144	Bruce Robarge
201	Carol Bailey
202	Concetta Cozzolina
203	Carol Drennan
204	Joyce Garrett
205	Judy Kelly
206	Jo-Ann MacDonald
208	Jean Marby
212	Charles Brower
231	Carol Pagery, Joseph Pastore
337	Marlene Stevens
344	Beverly Wasuk

CAN YOU GUESS WHO?

No, this isn't Kiddies' Day. We were just looking back a few years to see what charming and angelic cherubs some P. H. S. students used to be. Of course they are still charming (angelic?), but if you are puzzled as to who they are, you'll find their names on page 33.



VOCATIONAL NEWS

This month the drafting room has had several important jobs to turn out. Redfield School is going to be very happy to receive their cabinets and book cases, the plans for which were drawn by Bernie Olds and Al Caccamo. Paul Chapman drew up the plans for a future parking lot and loading platform in back of Plunkett School. Allan Hoskeer drew up the plans for sheet metal shelves to be used at St. Luke's Hospital. Donald Defino, a junior, is now making blueprints for North Junior High to be used to teach the students industrial arts. Most of the drawings were seen in the display in front of the auditorium during open house.

Mr. Haffly, in the welding department, says that the boys have been busy with varied projects to be used in the school system, including volley ball standards for elementary schools and material racks for North and South Junior Highs. Goal posts are being fabricated and welded for Coach Carmody by Tom Pezzuto and Ralph Sitzman.

In the printing shop there is always a lot of work to be done. Perhaps you noticed that all the football programs were printed by our shop. The junior high students have a new kind of report card this year, and it was printed by our shop.

Cabinet making made some nice benches for sheet metal.

TWO NEW STUDENTS

This year Pittsfield High School welcomes two new students into its midst, Gerard Teboul from Oran, Algeria, North Africa; and Regina Treutler from Hanover, Germany.

Gerard, who attended Redfield School before coming to P. H. S. last year, arrived in the United States in 1948.

"Your schools are much less difficult academically than the French schools I attended in Oran," says Gerard. According to him,

schools there are in session from eight o'clock in the morning until four-thirty p. m., with a two hour break for lunch. The length of the lunch period is due to the intense heat that blankets Algeria at noon. Pupils also attend a "school of study" from five o'clock to seven. Although schools are in session on Saturdays, Thursdays are free.

While in Algeria, Gerard's main activities, besides attending school, were playing soccer and going swimming. "Girls and boys don't date back there the way they do in the United States."

Since coming here, Gerard has learned to ski and has followed the Yankees with the interest of a true baseball fan. Appropriately, he is secretary of P. H. S. French Club.

Regina was born in Honduras, Central America. In 1937 she and her family moved to the East Zone of Germany where she attended school.

Regina agrees with Gerard in that her previous education was much more rigid than our American schooling is. In Germany children graduate from the equivalent of high school at fourteen.

In 1945 Regina and her family left the East Zone for Hanover in the British Zone. As Regina says, "We just walked out in the middle of the night. If we had gone during the day, Russian border guards would have caught us."

While living in Hanover, she continued her education until 1949 when her family moved once more, this time to Rochester, New York. Regina now lives in Richmond and is a senior here at P. H. S.

MR. MASSAMIANO: Is Major Edward Case your uncle, Hamilton?

DANNY HAMILTON: Yes, he is!

MR. MASSAMIANO: How is he your uncle?

DANNY HAMILTON: He married my aunt!

December, 1953

HONOR ROLL

Seniors—Carol Anderson, Lois Bates, Shirley Bertilino, Joan Boschetti, James Demetry, Albert Desrosier, Anna Giusti, Patricia Loach, Mary Mackey, Betty Overbaugh, Arlene Palmieri, Joan Vaccaro, Betty Wesley, Joseph Whiting, Walter Whitman, Richard Wiswell.

Juniors—Marlene Burns, Joanna Camerlengo, John Cederstrom, William Hurt, David Katz, Sonia Kronick, Marjorie Loach, Karen Loehr, Richard Londergan, Carole Martin, Ruzalina Mattis, Sara Milne, Dorothy Morwick, Beverly Nichols, Gerald Nonken, Thelma Paris, Waneeta Parker, Richard Riseberg, Roberta Rivers, Susan Strong, Sara Varanka, Paula Waxstein, Paul Whitney, Caryl Zajac.

Sophomores—Elizabeth Andrews, Alan Clayson, Marilyn Chapman, Dorothy Gordy, Elizabeth Graves, Toni Lincks, Phyllis Lombardi, Anne Maguire, David Monks, Carol Rattman, Patricia Rivers, Gollan Root, Nancy Shea, Claudia Stutz, Antoinette Tesoniero, Frank Van Cleef.

CREDIT LIST

Seniors—Gail Adelson, Burton Albert, Merle Andrews, David Atkin, L. June Bassett, Eileen Bienvenue, Mary Ann Bolotin, Beverly Boos, Ann Boscardin, Janet Cheyne, Anita Conte, Gale Creighton, William Crennan, David Cullen, Farrell DeNoyers, Lois Dichter, Irma Di Croce, Jeanne Donahue, Carol Douglass, Joan Drake, Carol Drennan, June Dunham, Ruth Dymond, Marilyn Farrell, Loretta Faussone, Jo Ann Fetherston, David Fillio, Harry Fiske, Helene Garlin, Patricia Gates, Josepha Germanowski, Rita Gibbs, Arthur Giguere, Richard Grower, Viola Hogan, Judith Kelley, Yvonne Borno, Charles Lahey, Marion Koziatek, Judith Koscher, Jane Heath, Wayne Lamson, Emilio Landy, Catherine La Rosa, Linda Lewis, Herbert Lidstone, Betty Litchfield, Nancy Lizzette, Joan Longton, Jane Lundberg, Dorothy Lyonski, Katherine MacCarthy, Ann Mac Donald, Anne MacKenzie, Rita Mackey, Katherine Maguire, Nancy McBride, Gail McMahon, Kathleen McMahon, Lois Mann, Jean Marby, Joan May, June Mendel, Melvin Marquis, John Miner, William McGowan, Susan Monte, Carol Montgomery, Debra Noble, Erma Pascucci, Arthur Peck, Judith Perkins, Sandra Plank, Carol Prentiss, Judith Ransford, Barbara Rice, Shirley Ring, Beverly Schorle, Joan Seddon, Joan Sime, Patricia Slosky, Nancy Somerville, Patricia Somerville, Shiela St. James, Joan Stomski, Louise Supranowicz, Gary Tabor, Betty Mae Taylor, Theresa Trzinka, Craig Viale, Loretta Waryjasz, Carol Wasson, Bertha Wescott, Lillian Wilson, Shirley Zalenski.

Juniors—Ingrid Amatus, Linda Ann Bandzin, William Bebko, Ellen Blake, Joyce Boland, Evelyn Boroniec, Robert Cancilla, Guy Chester, Eileen Casali, Robert Brazeau, Gladys Cebula, Lorraine Cloutier, Stephen Cohen, Patrick Cooke, Robert Dallmeyer, Anne Des Reis, Carole Downers, Betty Dupuis, Beatrice Evans, Beverly Fairfield, Libby Feldman, Peter Genovese, John Genzabella, Kathryn Goerlach, Beverly Goss, Emily Golin, Carol Hayn, Doris Henderson, Judith Herberg, Juliann Heye, Kathleen Heyse, Wilma Hooper, Bernadette Horton, David Kanter, Patricia Leighfield, Donald MacWhinnie, Sheila Magri, Shirley Martineau, Mary Mayes, Roger McDowell, Isabel Moon, John Morrow, Beverly Nelson, Heather Nesbit, Ellen O'Donnell, Beverly Pemble, John Powell, Philip Pryde, Glenda Renzi, Barbara Reynolds, Elizabeth Ricci, Judith Rice, Joanne Ruberto, Dale Rubin, Thomas Saboski, Leonora Saltarelli, Arlene Sayers, Jeannette Schroeder, Dorothy Stomski, Leon Siegel, Diane Sultaire, Katherine Szlasz, Peggy Tatro, Gerard Teboul, Anne Thacker, Richard Thompson, Madeline Tini, Dorothy Travers, Susan Tucker, Marjorie Tully, Michael Tully, Carlo Valone, Carole Wescott, John Wilder, Stephanie Woitkowski.

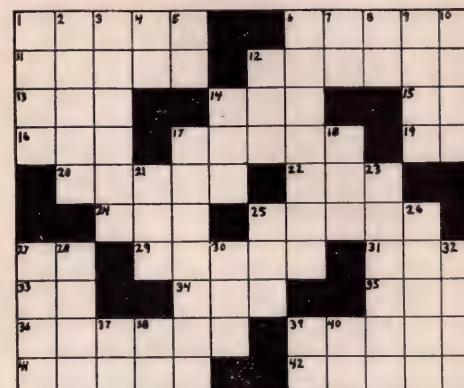
Sophomores—Judith Abrams, Robert Alberti, Eleanor Aptacy, Dorothy Bard, Allan Barker, Richard Budney, Mary Anne Cartey, Gail Burns, Bonni Clark, Jerry Congress, Joan Cullen, Judith Dill, James Donald, Sheila Doyle, Gladys Drosehn, Rita Dunn, Calvin Eck, Gail Eldridge, Doris Felton, Larry Fisher, Gilbert French, Patricia Gillespie, Raymond George, Elizabeth Gomes, Nancy Henrickson, Francis Hogan, Dorothy Jones, Edward Joyner, Edward Kopf, Patricia Latimer, Wayne LeBlanc, Lawrence Lipps, Barbara Litchfield, Moshe Lubin, Peggy MacCarthy, Anne Maloy, Marilyn Macks, Shirley McCue, Walter McGovern, Dale Melikan, Nancy Mercaldo, Leslie Nussbaum, Glenna Menard, William Noble, Patricia Morton, Jane Pagery, John Munro, Frances Montagna, Russell Pearce, Angela Petruzzella, Dolores Powell, Eric Pruyne, Harvey Quay, Elizabeth Raimek, Paul Robarge, Rita Anne Russetta, Sheila Sacchetti, Wesley Sagedorph, Judy Soroken, Mike Spadafora, Stephanie Spasyk, Patricia Stanley, Ward Starkey, Barbara Stevenson, Robert Steiner, Betty Thacker, Karen Tierney, Barbara Van Bramer, Thomas Walsh, Ann Weldon, Suzanne Wilbur, Marjorie Wilson, Bruce Zwingelstein, Daniel Butrymowicz.

NEW CHEERLEADERS

About fifty junior girls went out for cheerleading and for a few days they could be seen limping up and down stairs.

The final tryouts were held, Monday, November 23, and the following girls made the squad: Eileen Casali, Lucia Cultrera, Beverly Fairfield, Margo Gall, Sheila Magri, Beverly Nelson, Elaine Niarchos, Peggy Terpak, Marjorie Tully.

Mr. Edwards was reading a story about the French children in his French class. Everyone was restless and bored, and the cracking of knuckles could be heard. Suddenly he stopped and remarked, "Now we will have the 'Duet of Bones'!"



DEFINITIONS ACROSS

- Florida city
- Kansas town
- Alum (plural)
- City in Maine
- Bone in the body
- California city—
Diego
- A New England
state (Abbr.)
- Person spoken to
- Opening play in some
sports
- Electrical Engineer
(Abbr.)
- Naval Reserve Of-
ficer Training
Corps
- Form of aquatic life
- Nothing
- Ann —, Michigan
- Abbreviation of 27
Down
- Places in or on some-
thing
- Abbreviation of a
north-central state
- A conjunction
- One, in French
- Edward (Abbr.)
- Inside of
- Russian River
- Berkshire town
- Industrial city, town,
Pa.
- Olympiad (Abbr.)
- Ohio town, St. —
- Town in New York
- City in New York
- Millimeter
- Part of verb "to be"
- Massachusetts town
- Opposite of "off"
- Decigram
- Pierce or stab
- Large Great Lakes
city
- Maine seacoast town
—Harbor
- Dry, as a wine
- Large city on the
Mississippi
- Early English Bible
(Abbr.)
- City near Pittsburgh
—city
- City on Merrimack
river
- Cooling drink, lemon-
Blue — Mts. in Vir-
ginia
- The corn state
- Dry
- The first part of 25
across
- Aquatic bird
- Atomic Symbol of
Tantalum
- His Majesty
- Atlantic Coast state
(Abbr.)
- Olympiad (Abbr.)

DOWN

- City in New York
- Millimeter
- Part of verb "to be"
- Massachusetts town
- Opposite of "off"
- Decigram
- Pierce or stab
- Large Great Lakes
city
- Maine seacoast town
—Harbor
- Dry, as a wine
- Large city on the
Mississippi
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(Abbr.)
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- Atomic Symbol of
Tantalum
- His Majesty
- Atlantic Coast state
(Abbr.)
- Olympiad (Abbr.)

Mr. Leahy's fourth period class has been causing quite a commotion in Room 212. The chemists, while doing an experiment, created a miniature flood. Water overflowed a sink, seeped through the floor to the ceiling in 212, and proceeded to drip into the study hall through a crack in the ceiling. It's a good thing no one had spilled hydrochloric acid on the floor!



CATHEDRAL BEATS PITTSFIELD 13-0

By Thomas Morrier, '54

A high-spirited, confident Cathedral football team was slowed down considerably by P.H.S. on Friday night, October 23, at Wahconah Park. The Springfield boys left the park with the none-too-impressive victory of 13 to 0.

Cathedral was handed their first score when a Pittsfield man dropped a fair catch on our ten yard line and O'Connell of Springfield recovered it in the end zone. Their second T.D. was scored in the third quarter after a long punt runback which put the ball on our ten.

In this game Jimmy Ditello, senior fullback, looked very good. The line opened good holes while he crashed through and into the secondary. The line, too, was very effective, since most of the big Cathedral gains were made on end runs and passes.

Danny Petruzzella was back in the lineup at right end after a three-week absence due to a head injury suffered in practice.

The Pittsfield High fans displayed fine spirit throughout the game. The resounding cheers could be easily heard in the vicinity of the park. This spirit was especially remarkable in that the Cathedral team was expected to overwhelm Pittsfield by at least twenty points.

P.H.S. SURPRISES NORTHAMPTON

By Paul Prendergast

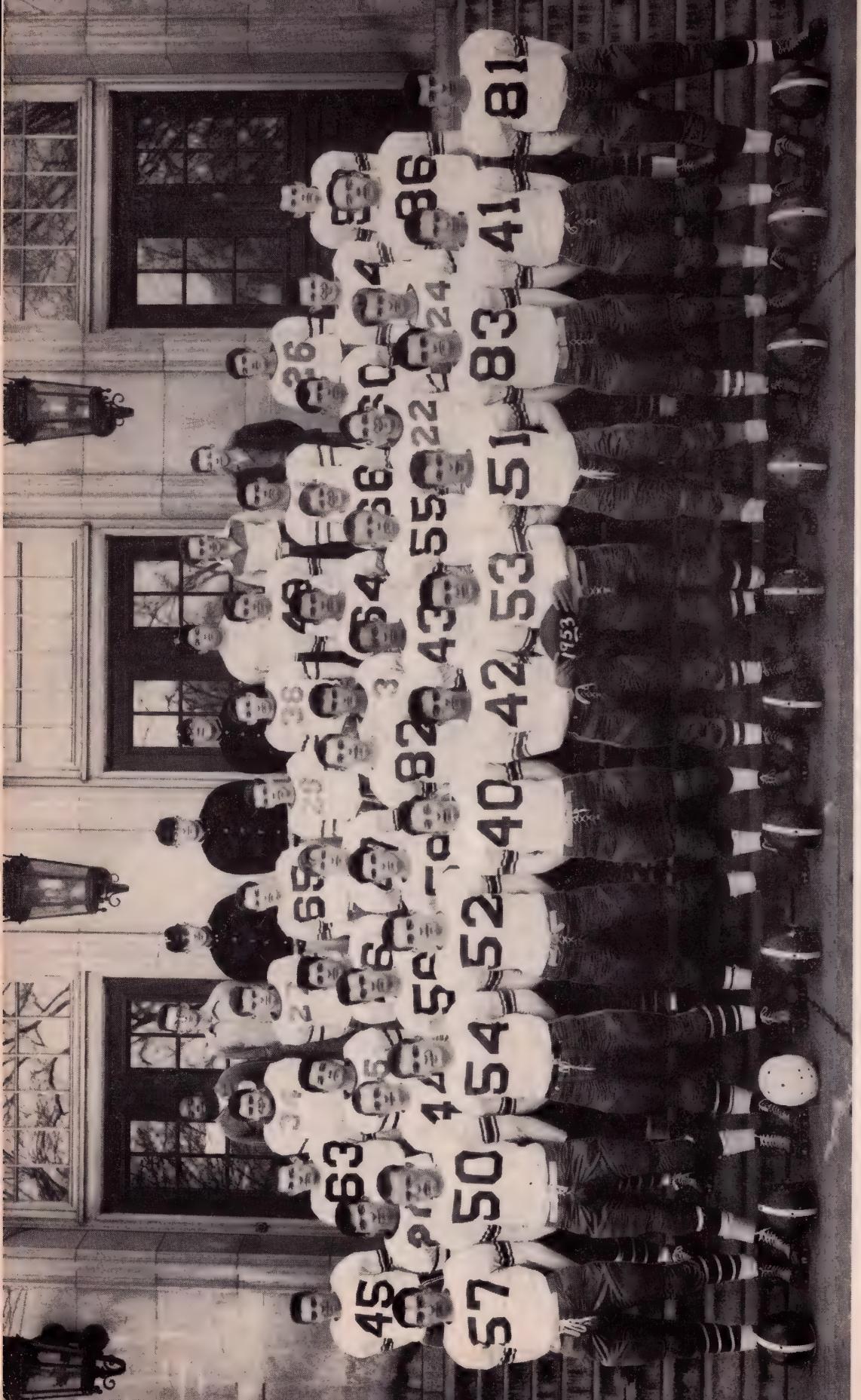
Nothing but praise could be given the football team in its game against Northampton, one of the powers in the valley. Although we lost by the slim score of 20 to 14, most of the people at Wahconah Park on that beautiful autumn afternoon of October 31, thought P.H.S. had the upset of the year. Not until the last two minutes of the game did Bill Wood make the touchdown, giving Northampton the victory.

Bob Morwick and Larry Herzig were the main headaches to the Northampton offense. Both broke through the line time and time again to dump the swift backs for losses. Larry also recovered four out of seven fumbles made by the visitors. Purple and White scores were made by Hub Evans and Nick Knysh. Bob Lester's two conversions looked as if they would give us the edge over our opponents, as we were ahead by the score of 14 to 13 at the half.

P.H.S. OVERWHELMING ST. JOE 34-6

By T. Morrier, '54

Pittsfield rounded out its 1953 football season by rolling over Saint Joseph's High by the score of 34 to 6 at Wahconah Park, November 11.





girls' sports

GIRLS' SPORTS STAFF
Editors—Lois Bates, Ann MacDonald
Susan Strong, Elizabeth Gomes, Barbara Van Bramer

HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

The senior girls are on the warpath, so watch out "youse" underclassmen. They started the season by winning both the varsity and jayvee hockey tournaments. The C O L D brisk weather made for perfect playing during the tourney, which lasted from October 26 through November 6. The scores and teams are as follows:

Varsity scores

October 26	Juniors	1	Seniors	17
October 27	Junior	7	Sophs	0
October 30	Seniors	22	Sophs	2
October 30	Seniors	22	Sophs	2
Senior Varsity Team				

Joan Duda, Helen Noon, Marcia Gerlach, Carolyn Sykes, Joan May, Lois Mann, Carolyn Turner, Barbara Calebaugh, Marion Root and Kris Bonnivier.

Junior Varsity Team

Jean Potash, Mary Eastland, Bev Furey, Sara Varanka, Isabelle Moon, Janet Minkley, Eva Todd, Lillian Calnan, Joanne Wells, and Daryl Messer

Sophomore Varsity Team

Betsy Graves, Barbara Hitchcock, Pat Stanley, Kit Gillespie, Barb Litchfield, Marilyn Chapman, Martha Cox, Jane Brennan, Catherine Osborne, and Marty Gomes.

Jayvee tournament results were as follows:

November 4 Juniors 4 Seniors 9

November 5 Sophs 1 Seniors 13
November 6 Juniors 10 Sophs 1
Senior JV's

Barb Rice, Kathy Maguire, Ann MacDonald, Kris Bonnivier, Shirley Norton, Mary Ann Morrison, and Marian Root.

Junior JV's

Pat Frank, Sandy Zarbo, Steph Wojtkowski, Lucia Cultrera, Bea Evans, Julia Heye, Sue Strong, Emily Golin and Kathy Goerloch. Sophomores JV's.

Ann Maloy, Carol Rattman, Joan Evans, Sheila MacDonald, Nancy Henrickson, Francis DeFazio, Doris Felton, Carol Herrick, and Barb Van Bramer.

SWIMMING

Starting the New Year off with a "polar dip"? Why not wait until January 12, 1954? On that day Mrs. Morton Wayne, swimming instructor, opens the door to the Boys' Club pool to begin another twelve weeks of relaxing and refreshing swimming lessons on Tuesdays after school.

There is instruction for beginners, intermediates, and advanced swimmers; and Red Cross Certificates are given for passing tests.

At the end of the lessons an interclass meet is held. The team placing first gets letters and the second and third place teams, numerals.

There is no charge for the classes and the only requirement is a doctor's certificate.

December, 1953

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SENIOR HOCKEY TEAMS

First Row: Marian Root, Captains Barbara Rice and Carolyn Sykes, Shirley Norton

Second Row: Kathy Maguire, Ann MacDonald, Kristine Bonnivier, Carolyn Turner, Barbara Calebaugh

Third Row: Joan Duda, Marcia Gerlach, Mary Ann Morrison, Joan May, Helen Noon

VOLLEYBALL

"Thirty days has September, April, June, and November." So the saying goes, but November means volleyball time in the girl's gym. In this sport three teams from each grade, Varsity, Jayvee, and Veebee, are chosen from practices which were previously held.

The Jayvee and Veebee tournament will be played before Christmas and the Varsity playoffs after the holidays.

Last year's tournament was won by the present seniors, but the underclassmen need not be glum about their chances for winning top honors.

During open house on November 12 a volleyball demonstration was put on for the parents by last year's sophomore and junior varsity teams. Anyone know the score?

ROUND ROBIN TOURNAMENT

All girls who go out for basketball are rated according to ability and experience. A group of senior girls is chosen to captain and coach the ten teams. Nine games are played by each team. The coaches meet and draw for players, or may exchange players if it is agreeable to all involved. In this way the teams are equal and the tournament more thrilling to play and to watch. It insures every girl interested in basketball an opportunity to experience actual team play and good sportsmanship, and a chance to become acquainted with girls from all three classes.

It also gives the senior girls the opportunity to develop leadership qualities and demonstrate their skill, reliability, and "patience".

At the end of the tournament squads are selected to practice for the inter-class tournament.

AWARDS

At the end of the school year an athletic assembly is held, and at that time awards are given to girls participating in after-school sports. These are the awards and their requirements.

Class Numerals

1. Making a team
2. Placing second or third in bowling.
3. Winning team in bowling.
4. Runner-up in badminton
5. Round-Robin winner in basketball
6. Winner of a Jayvee tournament
7. 150 Points

Ten points are given toward numerals for going out for any sport, if attendance is regular.

Fifty points, toward numerals, for winning Veebee (3rd team) tournament in volleyball.

Ten points, toward numerals, for A in gym.

Letters

1. Playing on a winning team.
2. Winning four sets of numerals.
3. First place in individual bowling tournament.
4. First place badminton tournament.

Monogram

1. Four letters

RUTH NICHOLSON BLAZER AWARD

This award is given annually by the Girls' Physical Education Department to an outstanding senior girl. The award is given in honor of Miss Ruth Nicholson, who was supervisor of the Girls' Physical Education Department in the Pittsfield schools for many years. It is a tribute to her untiring efforts to develop a better gym and sports program for girls.

Names of all girls meeting the qualifications, listed below, are submitted to a committee consisting of the principal, dean of girls, class advisor and counselors. All check qualifications, and the girl who best meets them receives the award.

Qualifications

1. Active participation in the Girls' Physical Education Department.
2. Loyalty to the department and to the school.
3. Thoughtfulness of others.
4. A spirit of enthusiasm and good sportsmanship.
5. A scholastic average of B or better.
6. The upholding of the finest standards in all departments.
7. Complete cooperation with those who strive to preserve these standards.

Last year's winner was Barbara Limont.

COMING AFTER CHRISTMAS

Round Robin basketball

Bowling—Pastime Alleys

Swimming—Boys Club Pool on Tuesdays.

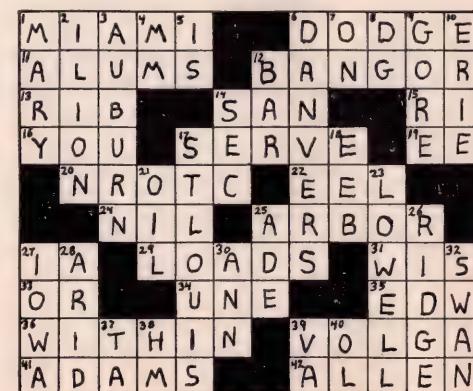
GOOD NEWS ABOUT COLLEGE STUDENTS

Freshmen

Barb Limont is on the freshman J-V hockey team at the College of William and Mary, which plays other colleges, and the school swimming team. She is the only girl on the golf team.

Loreta Calderella is captain of the freshman basketball team and a gym team captain at the College of Our Lady of Elms.

Marilyn Case is on the soccer team at the University of Bridgeport.



LEARN THESE SONGS

VIVA LA VICTORY

Come all P.H.S. men, and join in the song
Viva la victory, hey!

Get hold of that ball and then pass it along
Viva la victory, hey!

Viva la, viva la, viva la team!

Viva la, viva la, viva la team!

Viva la team, viva la team, viva la victory,
hey!

A friend on the left and a friend on the right
Viva la victory, hey!

Good luck to you, fellows, we're with you to-
night.

Viva la victory, hey!

We'll cheer and we'll cheer and we'll cheer
while you fight.

Knowing that victory will be ours tonight.

Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip hooray!

Victory for Pittsfield High!

WE'RE FROM PITTSFIELD

(To the tune of *Glowworm*)

We're from Pittsfield High School
And no one could be prouder.

If you can't hear us

We'll yell a little louder.

We've got a team that's best of all
When it comes to playing basketball.

If you cast an eye in their direction
You'll see that they are real perfection
Whether we're on the top or if we lose
We never get those basketball blues.

SHOW 'EM SOME CLASS

Clap your hands and stamp your feet

Cause we've got a team that won't be beat!

They can dribble, they can pivot, they can
shoot, and they can pass.

Come on, Pittsfield, show 'em some class.

ALL SCORE SONG

Oh, you take it and you pass it and you
all score.

You bounce and you dribble and you all
score.

You get it and you shoot it and you all score.
Rah-Rah-Rah-for Pittsfield High.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, FELLAS!

What do you say, Fellas! Time's gettin short!

So, steal that ball and get it down the court.

Sink it from the foul lines;

Set it from the sides;

But open that lead up

Wide! Wide! Wide!

Pittsfield!

NOW'S THE TIME

Now's the time we've been waiting for
The Pittsfield team's set to score and score

Their plays are sharp. Their defense is tight
And we'll go home with this game tonight.

boys will know they've had a fight
When they get through at Pittsfield.

ANSWERS (from page 22)

- 1 Sondra Sable
- 2 Pat Whalen
- 3 Don Jordan
- 4 Martha Cox
- 5 Gay Skogsberg
- 6 Don Kessler
- 7 John Foulds
- 8 Dan Petruzzella
- 9 Michael Quinn
- 10 Sara Varanka
- 11 Chris Gilson
- 12 Craig Viale
- 13 Kathy McMahon
- 14 Bonni Clark

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from

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Betsy Graves	Rita Simmons
Barry Levine	David Kanter
Robert Dallmeyer	John Ryan
Carole Kidney	Gene Sadlowski
Marlene Burns	Carolyn Lucas
Catharine Hodgis	Jean Marby
Beverly Nicholls	Phyllis Lombardi

December, 1953

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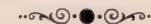
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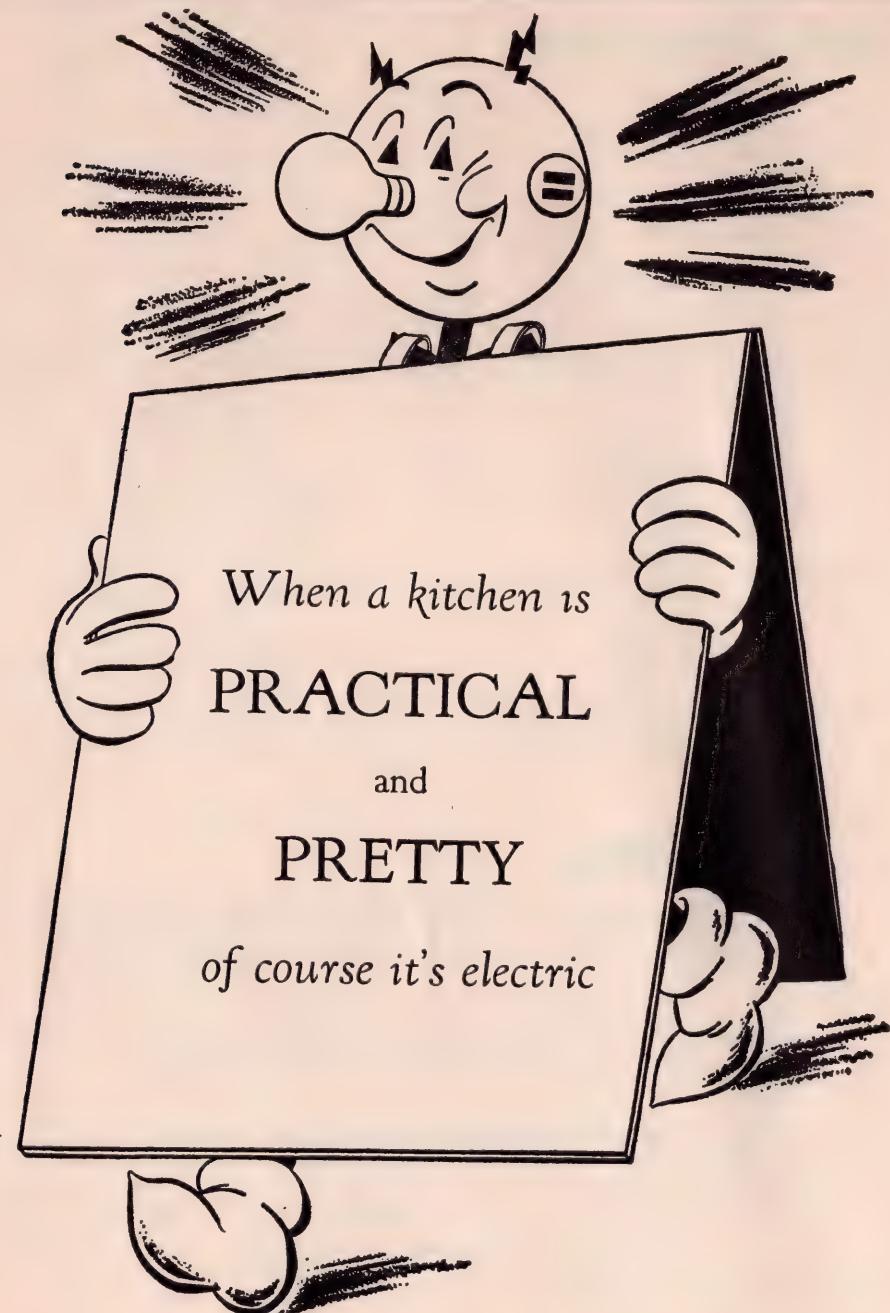
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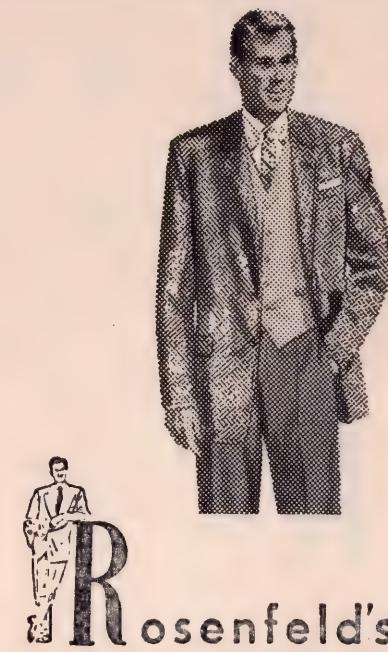
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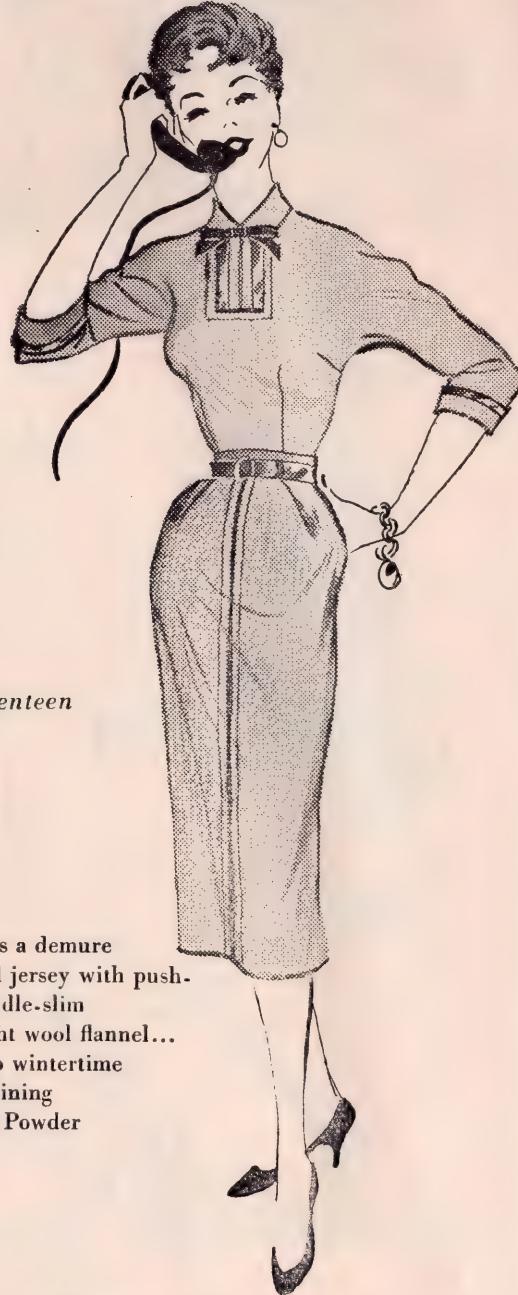
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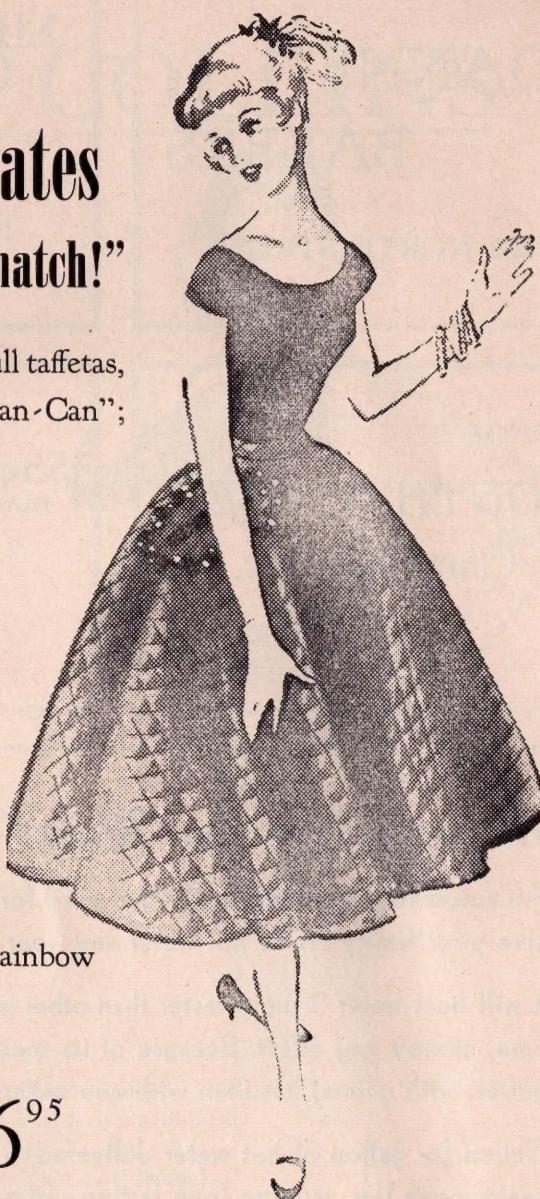
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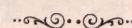
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